



THE  
LADIES MISCELLANY.

Being, A  
COLLECTION  
OF

Original POEMS, NOVELS, and other  
Curious TRACTS.

By the most Eminent Hands.

---

THE THIRD EDITION.

---

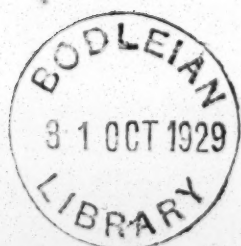


---

L O N D O N :

Printed for E. CURLL, at CONGREVE'S-HEAD,  
in *Burleigh-Street*, over-against the *Savoy*, in the  
*Strand*. M D. CC. XXXII.

(Price Six Shillings.)





---

---

T O

Mrs. *Elizabeth Pratt.*

MADAM,

**T**HE following EXERCISES \*  
are an Offering justly made  
to your Merit, and they will I  
doubt not appear valuable when  
you consider, *First*, The Author  
of them, the learned Dr. Moss,  
a Gentleman who has distinguish-  
ed himself by that rich Variety of  
Thought, and peculiar Elegancies

---

\* Jul. 7. 1696. In die Comit. Resp. Rob. Moss, S. T. B.  
C. C. C. S. c.



## D E D I C A T I O N.

of Style, which adorn his SERMONS; giving us (to use a Phrase of the wisest Preacher) *Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver.*

*Secondly,* The Place where they were delivered, the celebrated Seat of Learning, and the Muses. They were recited before the politest Assembly, and at such a remarkable and solemn Season \* as naturally raises the Expectation of the Audience, and gives the Specta-

---

\* When the Doctor took his Degree of Batchelor in Divinity.

## DEDICATION.

tors room to hope for somewhat curious and uncommon.

*Thirdly*, The Subjects treated of are very noble, and of the greatest Importance, the Doctrine of the *Eternal* TRINITY is here set in a very fair and beautiful Light, and the monitrous *Fiction* of TRANSUBSTANTIATION, sufficiently and justly exposed.

*Fourthly*, These Heads are treated with the greatest Judgment and Accuracy, as his Materials are very

## DEDICATION.

ry valuable, so he has wrought them up with unusual Vigour and Delicacy, while he is defending the *Divinity* of our *Blessed Saviour*, his Lines are so strong and sublime, and his Colours so rich and glowing, that the Reader, who has a Taste of fine Writing, must be affected in some such manner, as if he saw our *Glorious Redeemer* in his triumphant Chariot surrounded with Squadrons of dazzling Seraphims, and all the Powers

ers



## DEDICATION.

ers of Hell and Darknefs trembling beneath him.

*Lastly,* It may not be improper to observe, that the giving these admirable Performances an *English* Version, and sending them abroad at this time, was thought very seasonable, since the Genius of our most celebrated Divines has of late Years been very much turned to Polemical Disquisitions of this Nature, and numerous Treatises have been written,

## DEDICATION.

ten, filled with different Sentiments, as well concerning the TRINITY, as the Use of *Reason* in *Religion*, both which Themes are here handled with equal Seriousness, Accuracy, and Beauty.

I am, MADAM,

Your most obliged

Humble Servant,

STRAND,  
St. John Baptist,  
1728.

E. CURLL.

---



---

# THE S I S I.

That it is necessary to Salvation  
to believe, that JESUS CHRIST  
is truly GOD.

**R**EASON, tho' bright, yet when survey'd  
with *Pride*,

Deludes fond Men, and turns their Thoughts aside ;

Inspires their Minds with a presumptuous Flame,

Boldly to swell, and rashly take their Aim.

Elate and vain the thoughtless Creatures rise

Beyond the Clouds, beyond the distant Skies,

And pierce the highest Heavens with daring Eyes.

There GOD's eternal Laws they strive to weigh,

And limit Him who gives the Nations Day.



This old Disease thro' human Nature runs,  
 This fond Ambition cleaves to ADAM's Sons.  
 To more than proper Wisdom we aspire,  
 And Things unmeet for mortal Hopes desire ;  
 Tho' prest with Sins, and full of Guilt we stand,  
 And sacred Justice lifts its awful Hand :  
 The SON of GOD the Realms of Light forsook,  
 And the IMMORTAL, *mortal Members* took.  
 He conquer'd *Death* with one triumphant Blow, }  
 To rescue *Mortals* from eternal Woe, }  
 And lead the humble Soul where Joys *immortal* }  
 flow. }

And can the Men whom JESUS thus has freed  
 His Glory stain, since Pity made him bleed ?  
 With impious Arts attempt to foil his Crown,  
 Dethrone the GOD, and pull the SAVIOUR down ?  
 Here black Ingratitude with Folly joins  
 To thwart his Love, and cross his great Designs.

Shall

( 11 )

Shall the CREATOR our respect implore,  
And humbly ask his *Creatures* to adore ?  
Shall rightful Masters to their Servants sue,  
And beg Respect and Service which is due ?  
Shall mould'ring Clay th' Artificer despise,  
Or brittle Cups against the Potter rise ?  
Can we command the gentlest Gale that blows,  
Or lull tempestuous Waves to soft repose ?  
How dare we then to stint his Power presume,  
From whom the whole Creation waits its Doom ?  
At his dread Voice the loudest Tempests cease,  
And warring Seas retire and sink in Peace,  
Unlike those *feeble Gods* which HOMER paints,  
Or EPICURUS fondly represents ;  
Since Hell it self the Victor's Triumphs saw,  
And all th' infernal Plains were fill'd with Awe ;  
Since their grim Prince with trembling Voice confess'd,  
Th' Eternal Truth that rack'd his lab'ring Breast,

Own'd our REDEEMER as the mighty God,  
That form'd the Heavens and spread the Skies  
abroad.

Shall mortal Men this mighty Truth deny,  
While Thrones revere, and Angels trembling lie ;  
Shall dreadful Thunder make the *Devils* own  
The matchless Power of GOD's *eternal Son* ?  
Then sure the bleeding Tokens of his Love,  
Must soften Men and Admiration move ;  
Make his redeemed Subjects humbly bow,  
And all his Glories, and his Rights allow,

IF CHRIST's not GOD, no hope of Joy remains,  
Or future Bliss to sooth our present Pains.  
How can we look for *Life* from his dear Wounds,  
While *Death* unconquer'd bold Defiance founds ;  
With greedy Arms encircles all our Race,  
Fix'd is our Doom, and helpless is our Case.

For



For feeble Man whom Sin and Errors stain,  
 To ransom *human Race* must bleed in vain,  
 Can ne'er atone for *Sin*, or *Paradise* regain.

Where could the Merit of his Passion lie  
 If he was guilty, and deserv'd to die?  
 The sacred Lamb without a Spot appear'd  
 For Innocence, as well as Love rever'd;  
 No meaner Victim freedom could procure,  
 Abolish Death, or make our Pardon sure.  
 Such deep Pollution had our Souls o'erspread,  
 And crimson Sins appear'd so flaming Red;  
 That none but GOD could sovereign Grace display,  
 And with his Blood wash ev'ry Stain away.

Th' Almighty *Father's Image* left his Throne,  
 In whom the *Brightness* of the *Godhead* shone  
 Heaven's Ornament, and GOD's *eternal SON*.

Freely resign'd his meritorious Breath,  
 And for our Crimes sustain'd a cruel Death.

Departed

Departed Joys and Honours to restore,  
 To vanquish fierce Destruction's fatal Power,  
 That *Sin* might never reign, nor *Satan* triumph  
 more.

With Pain and Grief his *human Nature* bow'd,  
 Yet the *Divine* shone brightly thro' the Cloud ;  
 The *Father* own'd the *Ransom* fully paid,  
*Justice* appeas'd, and due *Atonement* made.



## T H E S I S II.

That T R A N S U B S T A N T I A T I O N is not  
equally Credible, as the T R I N I T Y of  
*Persons* in the *Divine Essence*.

**R** E A S O N's bright Power exalts us from the  
Ground,

Where other Creatures take their thoughtless  
Round;

This sacred Inspiration makes us shine,  
The Gift's Celestial, and the Flame's Divine.

Yet *Reason* oft attempts too bold a Flight,  
And faints with drooping Wings and sick'ning  
Sight,

In Fields of Æther, and in Floods of Light.

Then



Then FAITH propitious, yields a timely Aid,  
 Smooths every Plume, and forms a grateful Shade.  
 Thus reinforc'd with Triumph it can rise,  
 Through all the nameless Beauties of the Skies ;  
 O'er Heaven's high Temples in a Rapture soar,  
 And glitt'ring Fanes, where Cherubims adore.  
 Sometimes it reaches the Eternal Throne,  
 Where prostrate Angels all his Glories own ;  
 With humble Zeal surveys Heaven's inmost Courts,  
 Where Seraphs watch, and GABRIEL oft Resorts :  
 There views with stedfast Eyes celestial Rays  
 Their Golden Lustre, and their matchless Blaze.  
 Thus holy *Faith* with friendly *Reason* joins,  
 And both subserve Religion's blest Designs.  
 In beauteous Turns exert their utmost Force,  
 And sweetly Rule in their alternate Course.  
 The Power supreme who form'd the Source of Light,  
 And with rich Spangles deck'd the Fields of Night,  
 Earth's

Earth's humbler Scenes indulgent did display,  
 And breath'd a Bloom that made Creation gay ;  
 All Creatures he has form'd he keeps in Awe,  
 And rules the World by one unerring Law.  
 Though *mortal* Senses are too weak to find,  
 The bright Perfections of th' *Eternal* Mind ;  
 Yet GOD's Existence is a Point so clear,  
 The kneeling World their mighty Lord revere,  
 The great *Creator's* Skill in all Things shines,  
 Nor Heaven it self the DEITY confines.  
*Nature* and *Reason* both pronounce it vain,  
 To strive to make a finite Space contain  
 The Power immense, and his unbounded Reign. }  
 Therefore those Truths which thro' the Scriptures  
 shine,  
 Must be believ'd as Oracles Divine.  
 Since God himself inspir'd each sacred Page,  
 And does his Truth to raise our Faith engage

Himself alone his wondrous Nature knows,  
 And from his Word immortal Wisdom flows.  
 What Causes then our dull our fond Delay ?  
 To *Three* in *One* lets chearful Homage pay ;  
 Entirely *One* by Nature, and by Will,  
 And the *same* Godhead does *each* Person fill.  
 By Scripture taught these *Three* but *One* we call,  
 Their Essence *one* distinct, their Persons *all*  
 Peculiar Properties in each we find ;  
 This is sufficient for an humble Mind.  
 He will presume no further to explore  
 These awful Depths, but silently adore,  
 Here *Reason* lays its noblest Ensigns down,  
 And veils its Honours to a brighter Crown ;  
 But how can sacred Worship well be paid  
 To Streams of Wine, or Particles of Bread ?  
 Can thinking Men admit this strange Disguize,  
 Or think that there our blessed Saviour lies ?

That



That there he makes his living Body Food  
 With real Flesh, and rich redeeming Blood ?  
 While yet the *Bread* remains the *very same*  
 To Sight, to Taste, why should it lose its Name ?  
 How at one Instant can a Body lie  
 On thousand Altars, and at once supply  
 The Christian World with Hosts, and charm the  
 gazing Eye ?

Beneath such small Appearance can there be  
 The *Lord of Life*, and *vast Eternity* ?  
 What Contradictions in this Doctrine rise,  
*Bread*, and *no Bread* ! a Shadow mocks our Eyes !  
 The *Whole* in *ev'ry Part* we must suppose,  
 Which when divided still does nothing lose,  
 And less and greater than it self it grows.  
 These Modern Miracles so monstrous seem,  
 They raise Surprise like some disorder'd Dreams.

Our *Senses* here forbid us once to yield,  
 And active *Reason* still maintains the Field;  
 Nay, *Faith* it self amaz'd denies its Aid  
 In this wild Maze, in this perplexing Shade,  
 Nor will the Sacred Scriptures help afford,  
 By them this Fiction ne'er can be restor'd  
 By *Sense*, by *Reason*, and by *Faith* abhorr'd.



A

# H Y M N

Made in the Nights of a great  
Sicknefs Abroad \*.

I.

**E**TERNAL Mover, whose diffused Glory,  
(To show our grov'ling Reason what *Thou* art)

Unfolds it self in Clouds of Nature's Story,

Where *Man* thy proudest Creature acts his part.

Whom yet, alas, I know not why, we call

The World's contracted Sum, the little All.

---

\* These most excellent Lines were composed by the pious and learned Sir *Henry Wotton*, when he was Ambassador to the Republick of *Venice* in the Year 1618. And having so near an Affinity to these *Theses* of Dr. *Moss*, they are here not improperly inserted.

II. For



II.

For what are we but Lumps of walking Clay ?

Where lie our Vaunts ? Whence should our  
Spirits rise ?

Are not brute Beasts as strong, and Birds as gay ?

Trees longer-liv'd, and creeping Things as wise ?  
Only was giv'n our Souls more inward Light  
To feel *our* Weakness, and confess *thy* Might.

III.

Thou then, our Strength, Father of Life and Death,  
To whom our Thanks, our Vows, our Selves  
we owe,

From *Me* thy Tenant of this fading Breath

Accept these Lines, which by thy Goodness flow :  
And thou that wer't thy *Regal Prophet's* Muse,  
Do not thy Praise in weaker Strains refuse.

IV. Let

IV.

Let these poor Notes ascend unto thy Throne,  
Where Majesty doth sit with Mercy crown'd,  
Where my *Redeemer* lives, in whom alone,  
The Errors of my wand'ring Life are drown'd.  
Where all the Choir of Heaven resound the fame,  
That *none* but *Thine*, *Thine* is the *saving Name*.

V.

Therefore, my Soul, Joy in the midst of Pain,  
Thy CHRIST that conquer'd *Hell* shall from  
Above,  
With greater Triumph yet return again,  
And conquer his own Justice with his Love;  
Commanding Earth and Seas to render those  
Unto his Bliss for whom he paid his Woes.

VI. Now

## VI.

Now have I done, now are my Thoughts at Peace,

And now my Joys are stronger than my Grief :

I feel those Comforts that shall never cease

Future in Hope, but present in Relief.

*Thy* Words are true, *thy* Promises are just.

And *thou* wilt know thy dearly bought in Dust.





---



---

# T H E S I S I.

*Jesum Christum esse Verum Deum  
est Doctrina ad Salutem Creditu  
necessaria.*

**H**UMANA elato nimium Gens turgida fastu,  
Et nimium Rationis inops, sibi credula, vires  
Ipsa suas mirata, Animique sagacis acumen,  
Rimatur cœlos oculis audacibus altos,  
Confilia expendens carpenſque æterna Deorum.  
Prisca hæret scabies, Prisci vestigia Morbi :  
Plus æquo sapere & plus quam Mortale velimus,  
Peccantes infandè iterum fimilesque daturi  
Pœnas. Qui summis olim delapsus ab astris,  
Ipse Immortalis Mortales induit artus,  
Et subñt Lethum, Lethi ut de faucibus Omnes  
Eriperet, celsoque Humiles inferret Olympo,

Illi, Illi quòd nos perituros Morte redemit  
 Ingrati abstulimus Numen, tenuesque per artes  
 Quærimus argutasque strophas illudere Divis  
 Ingrati stultine magis ? Quos Ipse creavit  
 A Nobis proprios Deus implorabit Honores ?  
 Imperium à fervis Dominus ? fragilisque potentem  
 Argilla Artificem contra sua brachia tollet ?  
 An non injussu nostro flat Ventus ? an unquam  
 Indomitis leges præscribere possumus Undis ?  
 Et tamen effrænis Cui Ventus & Æquora parent,  
 Ad Cujus nutum sedata Procella quievit,  
 Et leni Obsequio stravit per littora fluctus,  
 A nobis positas æterna Potentia Christi  
 Accipiet metas, quasi Divus Homericus esset,  
 Aut Epicuræum Numen ? Cum victa Triumphos  
 Tartara sensêre, & Princeps horrentis Averni  
 Esse Deum invitus tremebundâ Voce fatetur,  
 Gens Humana negat ? nec Nos Clementia tantum,  
 Tantum

Tantum mirus Amor suadet, quam Fulminis ictus  
 Illos, & vindex & non toleranda Potestas?  
 Quod si non Deus est, quonam spes Illa salutis  
 Cessit? Quo Vitam Nobis per sacra paratam  
 Vulnera quæremus? Mors necdum victa superbit,  
 Mors avidis Omnes miseros amplectitur ulnis.  
 Non Generi Humano commissa piare valebat  
 Imbecillus Homo, & vitiorum mole labascens.  
 Dignus Homo Morte est, pœnas Moriendo tulisset  
 Quas meruit tantum: Patris mactandus ad aras  
 Agnus erat facer, & nullius Victimæ labis.  
 Usque adeò sceleris fœdavit pectora fordes,  
 Usque adeò Nobis deformis squalor adhæsit,  
 Ut Nemo, præter Numen succurrere Nemo,  
 Et proprio lustrare impuros sanguine posset.  
 Hoc igitur suscepit Opus, Cælisque relictis,  
 Filius, æterna æterni Genitoris Imago,  
 Nec Genitore minor, Letho caput obtulit ultrò,



Indignas pendens aliena ob crimina pœnas,  
 Ut quondàm amissos Nobis restauret Honores.  
 Verus Homo Morti quòd cedit, verus & Idem  
 Ille Deus pariter, quòd Mors accepta Parenti est,  
 Atque adeò placat commotam Numinis Iram.

Jul. 7. 1696. *In die Comit.*  
 Resp. Rob. Moss, S. T. B.  
 C. C. C. Soc.



## T H E S I S II.

*Transubstantiatio non est æque credibilis, ac Trinitas Personarum in Divina Essentia.*

**N**OS attollit humo Rationis sacra Potestas,  
Præscriptosque Feris longè transcendere  
fines

Jussit, participes lapsæ divinitus Auræ,  
Sed Ratio infirmis sublimè enititur alis,  
Infirmisque oculis, qui nec nimis alta tueri  
Nec sufferre valent torrentem Luminis undam.  
Ergo Fides Illi inspirat Divina vigorem,  
Defessasque levat pennas, super ardua tollens  
Cœli Templâ, jubensque adytis insistere Divûm,  
Arrecto lustrare docet Cœlestia vultû.

Sancta

Sancta Fides Ratioque vices sibi mutuó semper  
 Sic poscunt gratas, sic mutua fœdera jungunt,  
 Officioque vigent alterno, adjuta vicissim.  
 Qui solem & stellas, Qui totum Fecerit Orbem,  
 Fecerit, & Factum mirandâ Lege gubernat,  
 Quid sit Mortales nequeunt deprendere sensus :  
 Esse tamen scimus, non hoc latet : Omnibus

Unum

Numen inest diffusum, & produnt omnia Numen.  
 Ipsa etiam Ratio prohibet Naturaque quicquam  
 Metiri spatiis quod non includitur ullis,  
 Et seipre suis non finibus Infinitum.

Credendum est igitur, Quæ viva Oracula nobis  
 Ipso afflante Deo dictant ; Deus Omnia Verax,  
 Conscius atque sui solus se noverit Ipsum.

Ergo age quid stamus ? quin Tres veneremur in  
 Uno ?

Una eademque Tribus Natura, atque Una Voluntas,

Numen



Numen idem Tribus est, Tres ipsos dicimus Unum :  
 Uno confusi sed nec miscentur acervo ;  
 Quisque suum discrimen habet. Non longius ire,  
 Unde pedem nequeo refferre, Modestia jussit,  
 Hic Ratioque suos gestit summittere fasces.

At liquidos latices Cur Numinis instar adorant,  
 Particulamque colunt Cereris, dicuntque sub illâ  
 Quod Christus latet, & corpus vivum inferit Escis,  
 Nec speciem pane aut ipsum mutante saporem ?  
 Ecquod mille locis, & tempore Corpus eodem  
 Mille inter poterit juxta versarier aras,  
 Atque in Tantillum penitus descendere Tantum ?  
 Panis non panis, sine Corpore Corporis umbra,  
 Æmula Pars Toti, pedibus semuncia senis,  
 Unum multimodis divisum nec minus unum,  
 Et Totum pariter majusque minusque seipso,



Hæc nova quid, fateor, portant miracula monstri;  
Hæc nostræ prorsus Rationi, Hæc sensibus obstant,  
Ipsa Fides stupefacta hæret, scripturaque nullum  
Auxilium Divina affert, scriptura repugnat.



ii  
t,  
n